



hired him to teach his little boy to read; which was a much better employment than frightening crows, and which drew upon him the ill-natured nicknames of many boys, who could not bear to see him taken notice of, while they received no mark of favour from any one. They would call him *Old Tom*, and *Scarecrow*; but this *Tom* had too great sense to mind, and only

only laughed at them for their envy, at the same time repeating these lines.
*All those who love Learning and rules,
 Must bear with the envy of fools;
 And they that true wisdom would have,
 Will give an offence to the knave.*

Tom's scholar was not so bright as himself, and was a long while before he could say his A, B, C; which when he had learned, *Tom* set the alphabet in verse, repeating it first in this manner,

A Apple, B Bear,
 C Custard, D Dear.

Now, says *Tom*, say that. Aye, says *Jack*, for that was his name:

A Apple, B Custard,
 C Dear, D Bear,

C 4

and